CDC

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

No 18

©

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

DITKO

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES Volume 1, Number 18 May, 1954
Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, $1.20.

Designed by Al Fago Studios Printed in the U.S.A.

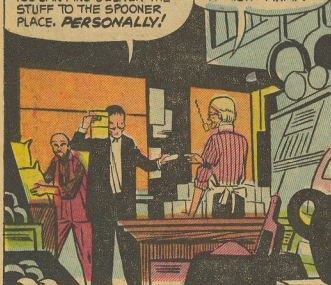
IT WAS AN INCREDIBLE MYSTERY THAT BAFFLED THE CITIZENS OF TWIN PINES...A PUZZLE THAT DROVE ZACH MARROW TO THE EDGE OF MADNESS. EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS FASCINATED BY THE WEIRD ENIGMA BUT, MOST OF ALL, ZACH YEARNED TO SOLVE THE GROTESQUE RIDDLE OF...

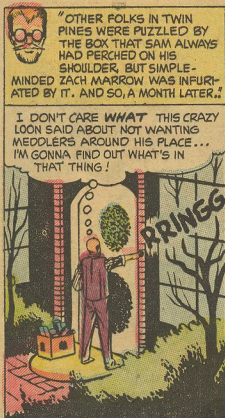
What was in Sam Dora's Box?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS BLOODY KNIFE, ZACH'S BUTCHERED SOMEONE! GOTTA GIVE HIM A THIRD-DEGREE...

AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE...ZACH MARROW'S DEAD! AND I THINK I KNOW WHO HIS VICTIM IS! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT ZACH FINALLY SOLVED THE SECRET OF WHAT'S IN SAM DORA'S BOX!

"AS I PLODDED TOWARD THE MOULDERING OLD SPOONER PLACE WITH NUMBED FOOTSTEPS, I BEGAN TO SPEAK OF THE MOMENT SIX MONTHS BEFORE, WHEN THE TRAGEDY STARTED. IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT..."

"PERHAPS I SHOULD'VE TOLD EVERYONE IN TOWN ABOUT SAM'S SECRET...WARNED THEM...BUT SOMEHOW I COULDN'T FORCE MYSELF TO! IT WAS SO GHASTLY THAT SAM WOULD'VE **KILLED** TO KEEP FOLKS FROM FINDING OUT...

FILL THIS ORDER IMMEDIATELY, ZACH. I'LL RUN IT OVER AS SOON AS IT'S READY.

WHO'S THAT GUY THINK HE IS, MR. CHART? *I* DELIVER ALL YOUR GROCERIES...AIN'T I GOOD ENOUGH FOR THAT ZOMBIE? HE'S GOT SOME NERVE...A NUT LIKE HIM ASKING FOR **PERSONAL** SERVICE!

"THE WEEKS PASSED AND NEVER DID ANYONE SEE SAM DORA WITHOUT THAT WEIRD BOX CLINGING TO HIS SHOULDER. WHILE OTHERS TALKED OCCASIONALLY OF THE MYSTERY, IT OCCUPIED ZACH'S MIND INCESSANTLY..."

WHAT TH...
OOOOF
WHY'N'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU PUT YOUR CLUMSY FEET? IF YOU PAID LESS ATTENTION TO THAT LOONY BOX, MEBBE YOU'D KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

T-THE BOX ...IT'S STILL ON HIS SHOULDER!
IT D-DIDN'T FALL, EVEN WITH HIS HANDS NOT HOLDING IT!

IT'S TREASURE, LIKE I SAID! HE'S GOT THAT CURSED THING FASTENED TO HIS COAT SOMEHOW! A MAGNET, MEBBE...
YOU'RE BATTY! IT'S MIGHTY CLEAR TO ME NOW...IT'S DIRTY MAGIC!

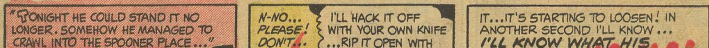
"THE ENIGMA WAS TOO MUCH FOR ZACH MARROW'S TORMENTED BRAIN. LIKE A HIDEOUS NIGHT-MARE, IT HAUNTED HIM NIGHT AND DAY. UNTIL..."

HERE COMES THE FILTHY DEVIL NOW! THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY... EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL HIM!

NOW I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT LOUSY THING ON YOUR SHOULDER!
W-WHO'S... ARGHHHH !!
CRAKKK

I-I CAN'T PRY THE CRUMMY THING LOOSE! AND THE LID... IT'S SHUT SO TIGHT I CAN'T BUDGE IT! I'LL GET IT OPEN, EVEN IF I HAVE TO CUT IT OFF!

"BUT PRECISELY AT THAT MOMENT I CAME ALONG THE STREET, ON A MEDICAL CALL. IF I HAD KNOWN THE WILD SPASMS OF RAGE TORTURING ZACH MARROW, PERHAPS I MIGHT'VE LET HIM SHARE THE GROTESQUE SECRET I SHARED WITH SAM DORA."
S-SOMEONE COMING! GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

"MORE AND MORE, THE TOWNSPEOPLE AVOIDED SAM DORA, SPEAKING OF HIM WITH MOUNTING DREAD, IN FRIGHTENED WHISPERS. BUT, TO ZACH, THE HORRIBLE BOX HAD BECOME A TORMENT THAT MOCKED HIM AROUND THE CLOCK..."
AIN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK, ZACH? IT'S BEEN THREE HOURS...
SHUT UP AND BRING ME ...HIC... ANOTHER BOTTLE!
"SAM'S HOLING UP IN HIS PLACE AND RARELY VENTURING OUT ANYMORE MUST'VE BEEN THE LAST STRAW TO ZACH. HIS EYES GLITTERED WITH FIERY RAGE AS HE WALKED THE STREETS DAY AND NIGHT..."
A CRIME HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP, EH? HA! I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH! OR MEBBE SOMETHING HE FOUND IN THE SPOONER PLACE.... AN INHERITANCE, PROB'LY!

"TONIGHT HE COULD STAND IT NO LONGER. SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO CRAWL INTO THE SPOONER PLACE..."
W-WHO ...WHO'S THERE?
EVEN SLEEPS WITH THAT CURSED THING ON HIS SHOULDER, DOES HE? MUST BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS...IN ANOTHER MINUTE IT'LL BE MINE!
N-NO... PLEASE! DON'T... DON'T...
I'LL HACK IT OFF WITH YOUR OWN KNIFE ...RIP IT OPEN WITH MY BARE HANDS! IT'LL BE MINE... MINE... HA HA HA!!
ARGHH!

IT...IT'S STARTING TO LOOSEN! IN ANOTHER SECOND I'LL KNOW... I'LL KNOW WHAT HIS SECRET IS! HA, HA! HAAAAA!

T-THE BOX IS OPEN AND... GOOD GOD! IT...IT CAN'T BE!....
AIIEEEEE

NO... NO... AIEEE!

G-GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... GOT TO HIDE... RUN! RUN!
CRASH!

M-MY LEG... BROKE IT FALLING! GOT... GOT TO GET TO DOC CLEVE... HE'LL HELP ME... HIDE ME..!

H-HELP ME... KEEP THE BOX AWAY....
YIIIIII!

L-LET ME IN, DOC... SAVE ME! HE'LL BE COMING AFTER ME IN A MINUTE! H-HURRY ...HURRY!
IT...IT'S ZACH MARROW! COVERED WITH BLOOD...AND HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!
BAM! BAM!

T-THE BOX... I SAW...

QUICK, EMMY...GET THE POLICE RIGHT AWAY! I-I THINK ZACH'S HEART IS GIVING OUT! THE SHOCK OF THIS EXPERIENCE MAY HAVE KILLED HIM!

ARGHH!

"THAT'S WHEN YOU ARRIVED, BOYS...JUST AS ZACH MARROW BREATHED HIS LAST, *SCARED TO DEATH* BY WHAT HAD HAPPENED TONIGHT..!"

SOON AS I GET OUT OF THIS BATHROBE AND INTO SOME CLOTHES WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE SPOONER PLACE! THAT BLOODY KNIFE IN ZACH'S HAND...IT BELONGS TO SAM DORA!

"WE PLUNGED INTO SAM DORA'S WRECKED BEDROOM AS I FINISHED MY GHASTLY STORY..."

THE PLACE IS UPSIDE DOWN! BLOOD ALL OVER AND...

S-SAM...HE'S BEEN HACKED TO DEATH! AND THE BOX... THE BOX...

WHAT'S WITH THIS CRAZY BOX THAT'S GOT EVERYONE GOING BATS? WHAT CAN BE INSIDE THAT MAKES A MAN DROP DEAD? A POISONOUS SNAKE ...A BLACK WIDOW SPIDER... A MONSTER OF SOME KIND?

IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, BOYS...

THERE'S THE AWFUL SECRET OF SAM DORA'S BOX!

GOOD LORD!

ONLY SAM AND I KNEW THAT HE WAS A MONSTROUS FREAK. THAT'S WHY MARTHA AND FRED SPOONER AGREED TO SEND HIM TO A SANATORIUM AS AN INFANT...WHY HE WAS NEVER WITHOUT THAT GROTESQUE BOX ON HIS SHOULDER. THE POOR DEVIL...HE WAS BORN WITH *TWO HEADS!*

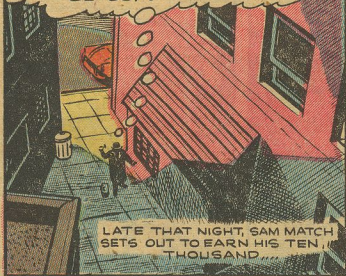
SAM MATCH WAS A "HOT SHOT" IN HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION... ARSON! THE SKILL WITH WHICH HE BURNT HIS OBJECTIVES TO THE GROUND— AND THE EXPERTNESS HE EMPLOYED TO ESCAPE DETECTION— MADE HIM RENOWNED AS...

the MATCHLESS FIREBUG!

WHOOM

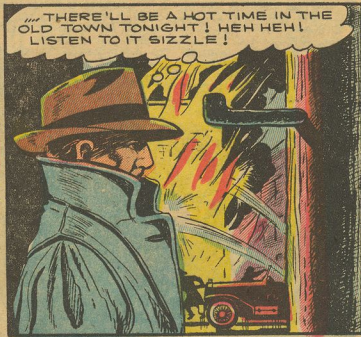
THERE SHE GOES... THE DUMP'LL BE A MESS OF ASHES IN A HALF-HOUR! AND SAM MATCH... HEH HEH... WILL BE TEN GRAND RICHER, JUST BECAUSE OF THIS LITTLE "ACCIDENT!"

UNTIL LATER, THEN! I'LL HAVE THE CASH READY AND.... OH! TRY A GOOD CIGAR, SAM ... I SMOKE NOTHING BUT EL REGALO'S! AFTER THIS JOB YOU'LL BE ABLE TO AFFORD THE BEST!
THANK YOU, MR. KRON. DON'T... HEH HEH ... CHASE ANY FIRE ENGINES!
RESTA
I BURN HIS DUMP TO THE GROUND AND COLLECT A LOUSY TEN G'S ... AND THAT BIG DOPE SITS BACK AND POCKETS A QUARTER OF A MILLION! WELL, I'VE BEEN IN THIS BUSINESS LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW TO BURN A CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS!
HMM .... SMELLS LIKE A GOOD CIGAR — I'LL SAVE IT FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION.
RESTAURANT

NOT A SOUL AROUND ... NO COP, NO WATCHMAN! WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH THE JOB, SAMMY, OL' BOY!
LATE THAT NIGHT, SAM MATCH SETS OUT TO EARN HIS TEN THOUSAND....

SHOULDN'T TAKE ME MORE'N FIVE MINUTES TO SET THE JOINT UP....
CRASH!

WOULDN'T SOME OF THE OTHER TORCHES IN TOWN GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THIS INCENDIARY MIXTURE I BREWED UP? A LIBERAL COATING OF THIS FLUID AND I COULD SET FIRE TO CONCRETE!

THE PLACE IS DOUSED ... NOW TO STRING OUT A WIRE TO GIVE ME SOME ELBOW ROOM! THE VAPOR FROM THAT LIQUID IS SO POWERFUL THAT THE WHOLE SHEBANG'LL GO UP THE MINUTE I LIGHT THIS FUSE!

THERE SHE GOES! AS SOON AS THE FLAME GETS NEAR THAT VAPOR....

....THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT! HEH HEH! LISTEN TO IT SIZZLE!

THE HEAT THAT BLAZE WILL BREW UP IS SURE TO DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE OF ITS BEING STARTED PURPOSELY! NOW TO MEET FAT MR. KRON... COLLECT MY FEE... AND DELIVER A SURPRISE!

THAT YOU, MATCH? I HEARD THE FIRE SIRENS ALL OVER TOWN... YOU MUST'VE STARTED A THREE-ALARM BLAZE!

NOT BAD, MR. KRON... NOT BAD! NOW.... ABOUT THE MONEY...
YOU BET... GOT IT RIGHT HERE! EIGHT... NINE... TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AS WE AGREED! AND HERE'S AN ADDITIONAL 5 C'S FOR DOING SUCH A GOOD JOB! HERE... HAVE A CIGAR, TOO...

NOW AIN'T THAT NICE, MR. KRON—YOU HAVE A GIFT FOR ME... AND I HAVE ONE FOR YOU—RIGHT HERE IN THIS BOTTLE!
WHAT IS IT—SCOTCH OR BOURBON?

EVEN BETTER THAN WHISKEY! IT'S AUTHENTIC FIRE WATER!
HEY! WHAT-?

YOU FLIPPED YOUR LID, MATCH? WHAT KIND OF JOKE IS THIS?
A VERY PRACTICAL JOKE, MR. KRON — AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO DISCOVER!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT LIQUID... THE MATCH...!
DESTROYING ALL THE EVIDENCE AGAINST ME, MR. KRON! I'M A SCRUPULOUSLY CAREFUL MAN, SIR. THAT'S WHY I'M CALLED THE MATCHLESS FIREBUG!
HELP ME, YOU IDIOT! I'M ON FIRE! HELP!
GETTING ALL BURNT UP... HEH HEH... OVER MY PRACTICAL GIFT, MR. KRON?
EEAAGH!
DEAD AS LAST SEASON'S BONFIRES! THE FUMES FROM THAT BREW OF MINE SURE WORK FAST! JUST TOUCH A MATCH TO THE VICTIM AND PFFFT! LET'S SEE WHAT'S LEFT IN MR. KRON'S WALLET!
OVER FIVE GRAND MORE STASHED AWAY... NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK! IT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION... LIKE THAT EXPENSIVE CIGAR KRON GAVE ME BEFORE!
NOW THERE'S NO ONE TO TESTIFY THAT I STARTED THE FIRE! I'M SCOT FREE! HMM... WHAT A DELIGHTFULL AROMA THIS EL REGALO CIGAR HAS!
BAR and GRILL
RIALTO

THAT LIQUID AND THE INCENDIARY FUMES IT GIVES OFF WORKS SO FAST ONCE A FLAME IS TOUCHED TO IT, THAT IT DESTROYS EVERYTHING IN A MATTER OF SECONDS! THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TRACE THE FIRE AND MURDER TO SAM MATCH...

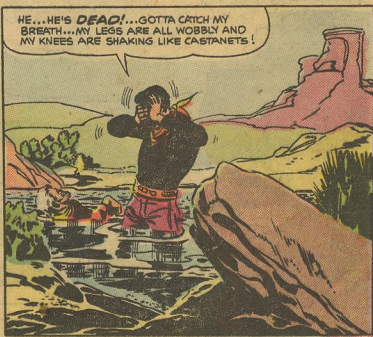
... WHO'S JUST SPENDING A QUIET EVENING HERE AT HOME! A COUPLE OF DRINKS WILL CALM MY NERVES...

... AND ANOTHER ONE OF KRON'S EXPENSIVE CIGARS...

KRON FOUND OUT TOO LATE THAT A GUY CAN GET BURNT PLAYING WITH FIRE! HEEE HEEE!

THE CIGAR! MY SUIT! MY HAIR! I'M BURNING! I'M ON FIRE! WHAT CAUSED.... AAAAGH!

IN A MOMENT IT WAS OVER... SAM MATCH WAS AS DEAD AS ONE OF LAST SEASON'S BONFIRES!
El Regalo
AND CLOSE BY WAS THE BAND FROM HIS CIGAR.... THE CIGAR DRENCHED IN THE FUMES OF THE INCENDIARY LIQUID HE HAD THROWN ON PAUL KRON EARLIER!
THE END

JEB CHISUM WAS WILLING TO KILL HIS PARTNER FOR THE GOLD DUST THEY HAD PROSPECTED TOGETHER...NOW HE HAD DISCOVERED A METHOD FOR BEATING THE LAW! HE WAS GOING TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE VANCE MALCOLM WAS THE VICTIM OF A...
TIGHT SQUEEZE
DOWN THERE'S WHERE THEM TWO PROSPECTORS WAS FOUND A COUPLA WEEKS AGO...MURDERED! ACCORDING TO WHAT THE SHERIFF OF BOULDER TOWN TOLD ME ON MY LAST TRIP FOR FOOD, THE POOR GUYS WERE ROBBED AND STRANGLED! SEEMS THE KILLERS ARE STILL ROAMING THESE HILLS...
STRANGLED, EH? AND THE KILLERS AIN'T BEEN CAUGHT YET...?
GIORDANO AND ALASCIA
LET'S GET MOVING, JEB...THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! BESIDES, WE GOT OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD DUST IN OUR SADDLE BAGS!
HOLD ON A MINUTE, VANCE! LET'S WATER THE MULE WHILE WE'RE HERE!
RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, JEB...MIGHT NOT HIT ANOTHER WATER HOLE FOR 50 MILES! C'MON, HERCULES...LET'S GET SOME NICE MUDDY AQUA!
STRANGLED, WERE THEY? BET I CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THEM KILLERS HAVE STRUCK AGAIN!

I'LL CHOKE VANCE TO DEATH WITH HIS OWN BELT...THEN BURY OUR GOLD DUST CLOSE BY. THIS IS ON THE REGULAR DESERT TRAIL...SOMEONE'S BOUND TO COME BY HERE BEFORE MORNING, AND THEY'LL FIND BOTH OF US WITH NOOSES AROUND OUR NECKS! ONLY JEB CHISUM'LL STILL BE ALIVE!

WATCH THEM LOOSE PEBBLES, JEB ...THEY SLIDE OUT FROM UNDER AND...HEY! W-WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH YOUR GUN OUT?
CRUNCH

THOUGHT YOU'D DRY-GULCH ME, DID YOU?
I DON'T AIM TO SPLIT THAT GOLD WITH THE LIKES OF YOU, VANCE MALCOLM!

W-WHY...YOU DIRTY, TWO-TIMING LIZARD...!
START SAYING YOUR LAST PRAYERS, SOD-BUSTER...YOU AIN'T GONNA LIVE TO SEE THE SUNSET!

W-WATCH OUT! THE EDGE OF THE WATER HOLE'S BREAKING LOOSE...!

LEGGO... OOOOOOF!
SPLASHHH!

I-I CAN'T BREATHE ...GASP!...
DROPPED MY GUN SOMEWHERE IN THIS STINKING HOLE...BUT MY HANDS CAN DO THE JOB!

D-DON'T...GLUB! ...PLEASE...
DIE, YOU FOOL!

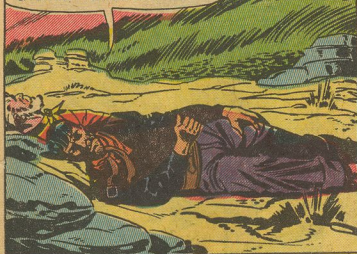
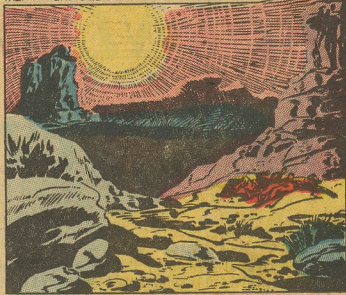
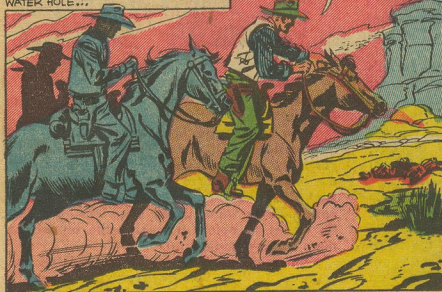
N-NO... ARGHH!
THOUGHT YOU'D KEEP HALF OUR GOLD DUST FOR YOURSELF, DID YOU? NOW ... HA HA HA... IT'S ALL MINE!

HE...HE'S DEAD!...GOTTA CATCH MY BREATH...MY LEGS ARE ALL WOBBLY AND MY KNEES ARE SHAKING LIKE CASTANETS!

FIRST THING I GOTTA DO IS DRAG THIS CARCASS OUTTA THE WATER, UP ON DRY LAND! UGHHH... SOAKED LIKE HE IS, VANCE IS MIGHTY HEAVY!

THERE! THAT'S A LOAD OFF MY BACK... GOTTA WORK FAST BEFORE SOMEBODY RIDES BY AND SEES ME PREPARING WHAT'S GOTTA LOOK LIKE AN AMBUSH!

A LITTLE TIGHTER...JUST A LITTLE MORE...AND I CAN STILL BREATHE, YET IT'LL LOOK AS IF SOMEONE MEANT TO STRANGLE ME! THERE! WHOEVER FINDS THIS'LL THINK I SURVIVED BY FOOL-LUCK!

LUCKY JEB CHISUM, THEY'LL SAY...HE ESCAPED DEATH BY THE SKIN OF HIS NECK! THEN, A WEEK FROM NOW, I'LL AMBLE ON BACK HERE AND DIG UP MY GOLD DUST...AND NO ONE'LL BE ANY THE WISER! WHEW...I'M POOPED! THINK I'LL STRETCH OUT HERE IN THE SUN AND CATCH ME A LITTLE SNOOZE!

EXHAUSTED BY HIS STRUGGLE, JEB CHISUM FELL ASLEEP UNDER THE HOT DESERT SUN. THE HOURS PASSED...THE MEN'S CLOTHING DRIED...AND STILL THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT THERE BESIDE THE WATER HOLE...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING DAWNED HOT AND CLEAR. THEN, AS JEB CHISUM HAD PREDICTED, STRANGERS SIGHTED THE WATER HOLE...
DOWN THERE...LOOKS LIKE A COUPLA GUYS ON THE SAND!

H-HOPE IT'S NOT A COUPLA MORE VICTIMS OF THEM KILLERS WHO MURDERED THOSE PROSPECTORS A FEW WEEKS BACK!
WE BETTER GET DOWN THERE FAST AND FIND OUT! GIDYAPPP!

DEAD...BOTH OF 'EM! STRANGLED JUST LIKE THEM OTHER PROSPECTORS...BUT IN A DIFFERENT SORT OF WAY!

THIS TIME THE KILLERS USED WET RAWHIDE AROUND THEIR VICTIMS' THROATS! WHEN THE HOT SUN DRIED THE RAWHIDE...IT TIGHTENED AND CHOKED THOSE POOR FELLOWS TO DEATH! AN APACHE STUNT... THOSE ROBBERS ARE SURE CLEVER... AND DEADLY AS SIN!
The End

BURNING REVENGE

Mary Farrel looked at the clock above the counter. It was 11:15 and time for her to quit. She walked behind the counter and took off her apron.

"How about a date one of these evenings?" asked Pete Walsh, the short-order cook. "I know a nice little tavern up the highway that stays open to three in the morning. The proprietor is a friend of mine."

There was a look of disgust on Mary Farrel's face as she put on her coat. The short-order cook just wouldn't take no for an answer, no matter how she spelled it out for him.

"Get wise to yourself, Pete," she replied. "I got a fellow. He comes from the Big City, and he's the jealous kind of a guy. If I went out with you, something might happen."

Mary Farrel left the one lunch wagon, which was the pride and joy of Hammersville. She walked down the corner and turned to the right. A car was parked there with the lights out. The door opened, and she slid right in next to the driver. George Gates stepped on the starter, and the car soon was on its way along the lone main street. There was a passenger in back. Ralph Rice always took orders from George, so he said nothing as George spoke.

"Got all the stuff about this Clark fellow? Has he got dough or is it just big talk?"

"He's got the dough, o.k." snapped back Mary Farrel. "He asked me if I wanted to be his housekeeper. He has more than twenty thousand dollars in the local bank and thousands hidden away in that old house of his. But I tell you this John Clark is cracked in the upper story. All he talks about is spirits from the other world. Says that they advise him about what to do. He knows that I will accept the position as his housekeeper.".

"That's just what you are going to do," grinned George Gates. "If you find out where the money is hidden, we'll just relieve him of it. If not, then we'll have to burn his little toes — just like we did with that fellow down in Kansas."

There was a sign in the one lunch wagon of Hammersville. It read: "Waitress Wanted." For Mary Farrel had quit her job and now was the housekeeper for a man in his late sixties. John Clark was a small, thin bald-headed man. Both his eyes were sunken back into his skull. He would sit before a small table on which there was a round crystal.

"The spirits come and visit me and tell me what to do," he was saying to Mary Farrel. "Last week I made three-hundred dollars. All I did was to buy a certain stock, and it went up."

Mary Farrel was sick and tired of listening to such nonsense. Yet she had been unable to find where the money was hidden. She heard the horn of an automobile sound three times. That was the agreed signal. She left the living room and opened the door. It was late at night. George Gates and Ralph Rice entered.

"He's in there peeping into his pet crystal ball, the old fool," said Mary Farrel. "You'd think the spirits would have at least warned him of the danger. You'll have to give him the hot foot treatment. I can't stand him any longer."

John Clark slid down into his chair, as he noticed the two uninvited visitors who had walked into his living room. And the fact that one had a very large automatic in his right hand didn't escape his observation.

"Please put away that gun, Mr. George Gates," he said in a low tone of voice. "And tell that goon of yours, Ralph Rice, to close his mouth. It annoys me."

Mary Farrel was as surprised as were her two friends. The unexpected turn of events for the moment took away the initiative. But George Gates quickly recovered himself.

"So you know our names, wise guy. Then you probably know why we are here."

"To get my money," was the fast reply. "If I give it to you peacefully, you'll shoot me before you leave. If not, then you will torture me — burn my toes the way you did with that fellow down in Kansas, or try to cut my fingers as you did out in Wyoming. And you actually buried a man alive in Georgia. The three of you are fiends in human flesh."

Ralph Rice's two eyes almost popped out of his head as he listened to the little man speak.

"This guy must be a mind reader," he warned his pal.

"Or somebody told him all about us," suggested George Gates. "But he is human like the rest. We'll give him the works and get his dough."

"Just one correction," suggested John Clark. "I am not human like the rest. I'm not even a human being. I died yesterday at four in the afternoon while fishing on the left bank of Henderson Creek. My body is still there and will eventually be found by the sheriff."

"Shut up!" yelled George Gates. "You are getting on my nerves. Hold him tight, Ralph, and I'll take off his shoes. We'll burn his toes unless he tells where the money is hidden."

John Clark laughed as Ralph Rice came closer to him. The old man gave a final warning.

"The spirits were very good to me for years. When I died they asked me to do them a favor: to return to earth and punish you three for all the evil you did. You have, up to the present, escaped the justice of man. Now you will feel the justice that comes from the spirit world."

Ralph Rice started to grab for the old man and then made a terrible discovery. His hands couldn't find the man. It was as though he were just a picture.

"This guy isn't real. It's some kind of a trick."

George Gates became conscious of his heart beat. He could hear it as it became louder and louder. Beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead. There was one way to settle all this. He just pulled the trigger three times. He aimed directly at the head of John Clark. The bullets struck the metal hinges on the door and ricocheted back. Mary Farrel screamed in agony, as the bullets plowed into her body. She slumped to the floor.

"The bullets hit her," Ralph Rice managed to get passed his lips. He was scared stiff. He watched the blood ooze from her and saw her hands become still. It didn't take an expert to see she was dead.

"Let's get out of here,". gasped George Gates. "This guy isn't real. He is a spirit."

"Going to leave without trying to find my money," snapped back John Clark. "Look at the picture on the wall. It is going to move. Right behind it is a large hole. And in there you will find thousands of dollars."

The picture moved and both crooks were spellbound. There was a hole in the wall. George Gates inserted his left hand and then screamed in agony as the steel teeth of a trap snapped over it.

"You are caught in a bear trap I used to use years ago," said John Clark. "The only way you can get free is to cut off your hand. Or perhaps you can shoot your hand to pieces."

"Get me out of this, Ralph," pleaded George Gates. "Maybe we are both crazy."

"Maybe you are," retorted Ralph Rice, as he headed for the door. "I'm leaving now — the sooner the better."

"You dirty rat," shouted George Gates. "I should have killed you long ago."

And then, in a fit of temper, he kept on pulling the trigger of his gun until it was empty. The corpse that hit the floor was full of holes. And now, of the three, only one was alive.

"I have to return to the spirit world in a few minutes," announced John Clark. "It was a good feeling to see those evil-doers punished; now you are going to be burned alive. This entire house will be your funeral pyre, and I shall set it aflame."

A passing motorist on highway 17-A saw the flames as they consumed the house. He stopped his car, then realized it would be impossible to enter the flaming building. Later he testified that he heard the screams of a terrified man inside shouting for help. The motorist then drove to the nearest phone, which was located a mile down the road in a gasoline station. When the fire engines finally arrived, the building had been burned to the ground. Three days later the sheriff made his final report.

"There were three bodies inside that place, two men and one woman. Can't ever tell who they were or what they were doing there. The car on the side was a stolen one. Poor John Clark. He had a heart attack while fishing and never knew what happened to his house — or to the poor people inside."

The End

THOSE JOKERS BACK AT THE CLUB HAVEN'T THE GUTS OR THE IMAGINATION TO GET A STORY LIKE THIS! THREE DAYS FROM CIVILIZATION.... THE WEIRDEST STORY OF THE GENERATION!

SO THIS IS THE SACRED KALANGA DRAGON, EH? IT IS SORT OF CREEPY... MAKE A GOOD PICTURE TO START THE STORY! NOW TO CLIMB UP AND GET INSIDE THE MONSTROSITY FOR SOME SHOTS...

ACCORDING TO LEGEND THE KALANGAS OFFER A HUMAN SACRIFICE DURING THIS CERE... *WHAT'S THIS?* A GIRL — *LOOKS DEAD!*
UNCONSCIOUS... SORT OF *HYPNOTIZED*! SO THAT'S WHAT THEY DO! WELL, OLD ACE IS CHANGING THE SCRIPT!

I'LL HIDE HER HERE WHERE SHE'LL BE SAFE... AND I'LL PHOTOGRAPH THE RITUAL RIGHT FROM THE DRAGON'S HEAD... INSIDE THE JAWS OF DEATH, YOU MIGHT SAY...

THIS STUFF IS SOCKO! OUGHT TO MAKE A SIX PAGE SPREAD IN *PEEK* OR *SQUINT*!

THAT MUST BE THE HEAD MAN OR WITCH DOCTOR OR SOMETHING! A HUMAN SACRIFICE HAS BEEN OFFERED UP TO THIS IDOL EVERY YEAR FOR FIVE CENTURIES! WELL... THIS IS ONE TIME THE DRAGON'S ABOUT TO BE FOOLED!

MAGNIFICENT STUFF... WHAT ACTUALLY GOES ON AT A NATIVE RITUAL — AS SEEN BY THE IDOL ITSELF! AND TO TOP IT ALL, I'M GYPPING THE DRAGON OF ITS ANNUAL SACRIFICIAL VICTIM!

GUESS IT'S COMING TO THE CLIMAX... THE WITCH DOCTOR IS WAVING A TORCH AROUND LIKE MAD! NOW HE'S... NOW HE'S...

... HE'S THROWING THE TORCH UP HERE... RIGHT INTO THE DRAGON'S MOUTH! RIGHT AT ME!

THE IDOL! THE STRAW... CATCHING FIRE ALL AROUND ME! THEY BURN THEIR SACRIFICE AND SACRED DRAGON AT THE SAME TIME! BUT I'LL CHEAT 'EM STILL!

WHITE MAN! ... COME TO DESTROY US!
OUR GREAT IDOL PROTECT KALANGA!

I TELL YOU... THIS YEAR... LIKE ALWAYS... IT SHALL BE SO... LOOK! WE OFFER SACRIFICE TO DRAGON-GOD OF FIRE... IN USUAL PLACE... THE JAWS OF DEATH!
AAAAGHHH!
THE END

DEAR READERS...WE'VE JUST FINISHED JUDGING YOUR HUNDREDS OF SOLUTIONS TO OUR RECENT 4-PAGE QUIZ, ***FACE-TO-FACE,*** WHICH APPEARED RECENTLY IN "LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE!" IF WE HAD MORE SPACE, WE'D LIST ALL THOSE WHICH COME CLOSE--BUT HERE'S THE ***WINNER,*** SENT IN BY CAROLINE DENVER, OF VILLA TERRACE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. THE $10 PRIZE IS HEADED YOUR WAY, CAROLINE!

CAROLINE DENVER'S SOLUTION TO...
FACE to FACE!

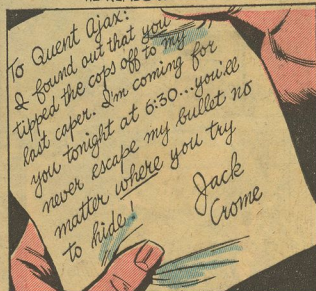
PAUL AJAX HAS JUST ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND BARGED INTO THE APARTMENT OF HIS TWIN BROTHER, QUENTIN...WHOSE TESTIMONY HELPED CONVICT PAUL! QUENTIN, GETTING READY TO FLEE FROM ANOTHER MAN HE HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED, IS STARTLED TO SEE THIS DREADED SHADOW FROM HIS PAST...

FACE to FACE

SO LONG, DOUBLE-CROSSER! FROM NOW ON ***I'LL*** BE QUENTIN AJAX AND...HEY! WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY BEING IN HOT WATER? BETTER LOOK AROUND THIS DUMP...

ON A QUICK SEARCH, PAUL AJAX FINDS AN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO HIS BROTHER. RIPPING IT OPEN HE READS...

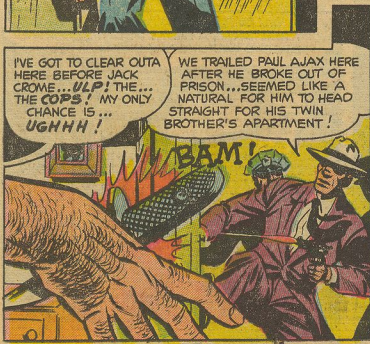
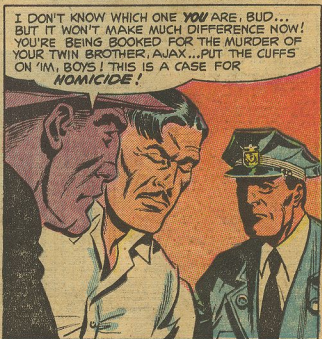
To Quent Ajax:
I found out that you tipped the cops off to my last caper. I'm coming for you tonight at 6:30...you'll never escape my bullet no matter where you try to hide!
Jack Crome

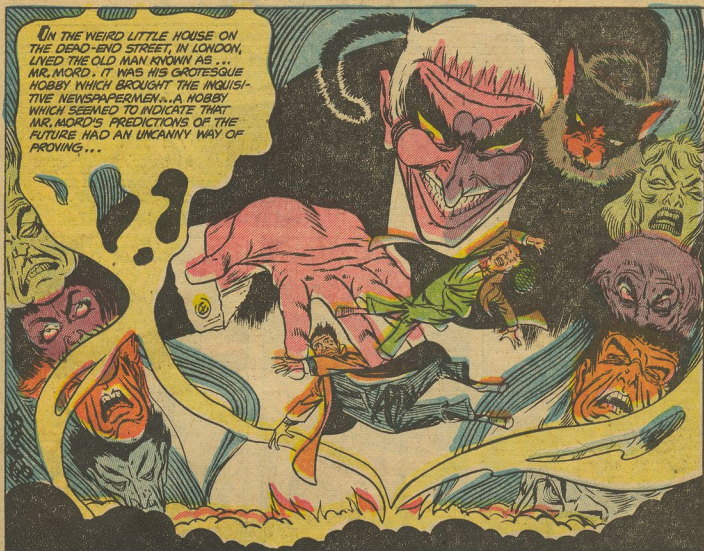
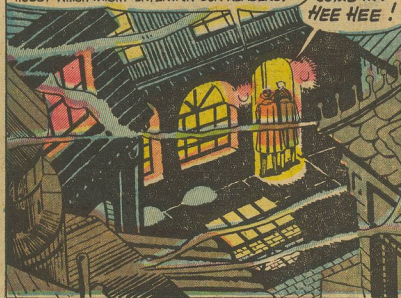
T-THAT'S RIGHT...THIS IS PAU...ER ***QUENTIN*** AJAX! CALL A TAXI AND HAVE THE CAB DRIVER COME RIGHT UP TO MY ROOM AS SOON AS HE GETS HERE! I-I'M IN A ***HURRY!***

W-WITH THE DRIVER ALONGSIDE ME, MEBBE CROME WON'T RISK TAKING A SHOT! THE...THE DOOR... SOMEONE RATTLING THE KNOB!

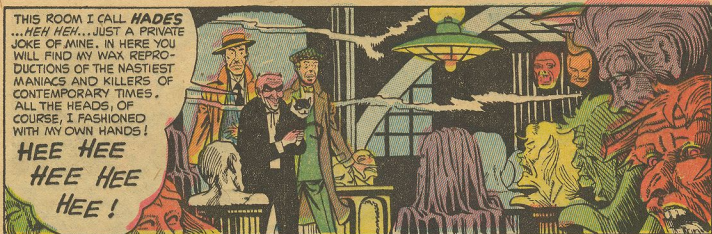
I-IT CAN'T BE THE CAB DRIVER... WHOEVER IT IS HAS A MASTER-KEY! IT MUST BE THE COPS... OR JACK CROME!

T-THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE ...NO TIME TO GET AWAY! I'M TRAPPED LIKE A RAT WITHOUT... G-GOOD GOD! N-NO...NO!
DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, DID YOU?

THE PARAPET TWO FLOORS BELOW BROKE MY FALL...KEPT ME FROM FALLING TO MY DEATH! YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, PAUL... AND FAILED!

NOW IT'S MY TURN!
P-PLEASE... AIEEEE!

I'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUTA HERE BEFORE JACK CROME...ULP! THE... THE COPS! MY ONLY CHANCE IS... UGHHH!
WE TRAILED PAUL AJAX HERE AFTER HE BROKE OUT OF PRISON...SEEMED LIKE A NATURAL FOR HIM TO HEAD STRAIGHT FOR HIS TWIN BROTHER'S APARTMENT!
BAM!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE YOU ARE, BUD... BUT IT WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE NOW! YOU'RE BEING BOOKED FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR TWIN BROTHER, AJAX...PUT THE CUFFS ON 'IM, BOYS! THIS IS A CASE FOR HOMICIDE!

ON THE WEIRD LITTLE HOUSE ON THE DEAD-END STREET, IN LONDON, LIVED THE OLD MAN KNOWN AS ... MR. MORD. IT WAS HIS GROTESQUE HOBBY WHICH BROUGHT THE INQUISITIVE NEWSPAPERMEN...A HOBBY WHICH SEEMED TO INDICATE THAT MR. MORD'S PREDICTIONS OF THE FUTURE HAD AN UNCANNY WAY OF PROVING...

DEAD RIGHT!

MY HOCUS-FOCUS MAN HERE IS KEN KARL. LIKE TO GET SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU, WHILE KEN SNAPS SOME PICTURES OF YOUR JOI...ER... HOME!

WE'D BE DELIGHTED, WOULDN'T WE, MEPHISTOPHELES? COME! HEE HEE!

THIS ROOM I CALL HADES ...HEH HEH... JUST A PRIVATE JOKE OF MINE. IN HERE YOU WILL FIND MY WAX REPRODUCTIONS OF THE NASTIEST MANIACS AND KILLERS OF CONTEMPORARY TIMES. ALL THE HEADS, OF COURSE, I FASHIONED WITH MY OWN HANDS!
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!

THIS HEAD, FOR INSTANCE...ANGELA TRENT...ELECTROCUTED FOR THE MURDER OF TEN LOVERS! HERE IS BRENT HASTINGS, POISONED HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN...! MR. KARL... GO RIGHT AHEAD AND SNAP ANY PICTURES YOU DESIRE!
H-HUH? OH...YEAH... SURE!

I HAVE CAPTURED THE EVIL FACIAL CHARACTER OF EVERY KILLER OF CONSEQUENCE IN THE PAST 25 YEARS! MR. KARL, STAY AWAY FROM THERE!

I DON'T RECALL SEEING THAT FACE BEFORE, MR. MORD... OUTSIDE A ZOO! WHO IS HE?
A WORK OF IMAGINATION, YOU MIGHT CALL IT...YES, IMAGINATION... IT RELAXES ME — BUT COME...THERE ARE MANY MORE HEADS TO SEE!
HEH HEH!

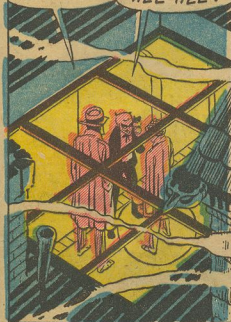
I WANT A SHOT OF THAT GROTESQUE HEAD THE OLD IDIOT WORKED ON FOR RELAXATION! GOOD! KARL CAUGHT MY HIGH-SIGN...NOW TO DISTRACT MORD'S ATTENTION! —THIS KNIFE! —I GOT IT!

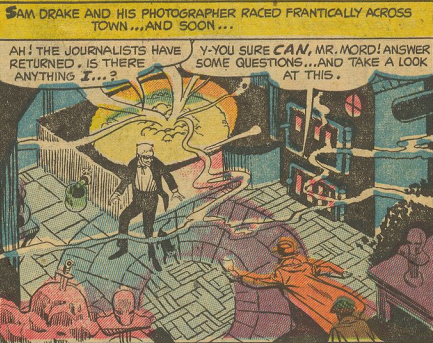
ABOUT THAT CREEP, MR. MORD, WHAT'S...OWW! THAT KNIFE...I-I'VE CUT MY HAND!
UGH...YOU'RE BLEEDING!

I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD! COME INTO THE NEXT ROOM...WE'LL BANDAGE THAT WOUND!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME AND COURTESY, MR. MORD...IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AND MEPHISTOPHELES!

WE HAVE ENJOYED YOUR VISIT, GENTLEMEN. PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOMETIME! *HEE HEE!*

WITH A FEELING OF DREAD, THE NEWSPAPERMEN HURRIED TO THE HERALD-NEWS' OFFICE, WHERE THE BIZARRE STORY WAS WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHS DEVELOPED. THE NEXT DAY...

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BLOOD-CHILLING SIGHT GREETED THE TWO REPORTERS

TELL ME THE TRUTH, BOYS...YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING AS HIDEOUS AS HIM?
G-GOOD LORD! THAT...THAT FACE...!

SAM DRAKE AND HIS PHOTOGRAPHER RACED FRANTICALLY ACROSS TOWN...AND SOON...
AH! THE JOURNALISTS HAVE RETURNED. IS THERE ANYTHING I...?
Y-YOU SURE CAN, MR. MORD! ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS...AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

THIS PICTURE OF YOUR "IMAGINATION"...KARL SNAPPED IT WHILE I DECOYED YOU WITH THAT KNIFE-CUT! IT'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF A MANIAC WHO WENT BERSERK THIS AFTERNOON... BUT YOU DID IT BEFORE THE MURDERS!
POP

YOU FOOLS... YOU TOOK THAT PICTURE AFTER I WARNED YOU! NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR YOUR CURSED SNOOPING... BOTH YOUR LIVES WILL BE FORFEITED!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, GRANDPOP! WHO THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?..SOME SORT OF OMNIPOTENT DEVIL?

A COLD, DEADLY SMILE CREEPS OVER MR. MORD'S FACE — HE RAISED HIS HAND — FLICKED HIS FINGER AND —
HEH
AIEEEEE!
HEH
U-HEH

BURN MY FACE, YOU OLD CREEP, I'LL TEACH YOU...

DIE, YOU MISERABLE OLD MADMAN! DIE!
DIE! DIE!
HEY!
POP!

THERE...THERE'S NO BLOOD FLOWING FROM HIS WOUNDS—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

T-THIS IS THE GREATEST SCOOP OF MY LIFE...PICTURES OF A MURDER BEING COMMITTED! I'LL MAKE ENOUGH DOUGH TO RETIRE!
KARL—TRYING TO RUN OUT ON ME, EH?

I-I WASN'T TAKING A POWDER ON YOU, SAM! HONEST, SAM I-I SAM!
YOU LIAR! YOU SNAPPED PICTURES OF ME KNIFING THE OLD DEVIL...YOU WERE GOING TO PEDDLE 'EM! THEY CAN'T HANG ME ANY MORE FOR TWO MURDERS THAN FOR ONE—CAN THEY, KARL?

NO-NO, SAM....
ARGHHHH!
YOU WANNA DOUBLE CROSS ME, YOU SLIMY SNAKE—A WAX BATH WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!

THIS IS LIKE A MAD, FOUL DREAM...YET IT'S HAPPENING! THE FURNACE ...A PERFECT PLACE TO GET RID OF THE BODIES! ASHES CAN'T TESTIFY IN COURT!
AAAIEE!

WHO'S THA—NO! IT—IT CAN'T BE—I KILLED YOU, I STABBED YOU TO DEATH! YOU'RE DEAD, YOU'RE DEAD, YOU DEVIL!
HEE HEE HEE HEE

STUPID MORTAL—I PREDICTED THAT BOTH OF YOU WOULD FORFEIT YOUR LIVES, AND I'M NEVER WRONG! HEH HEH!
HEE
HEE
HEH

WELL, MEPHISTOPHELES, DON'T YOU THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR MR. DRAKE TO MAKE A CONTRIBUTION TO OUR LITTLE COLLECTION? HEE HEE!

NO! NO!

HEE HEE
AAAIEE

STRUGGLING WILL AVAIL YOU NOTHING, JOURNALIST... THAT BOILING WAX IS CLOGGING YOUR MOUTH AND BURNING YOUR FLESH... IN ANOTHER MOMENT YOU WILL BE DEAD! HEH HEE HEE!

HEE HEE HEE

ANOTHER MURDER ADDED TO MY MONSTROUS COLLECTION... THE HEAD OF THE CREATURE WHO DARED TO CALL ME DEVIL! IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT FOR A MERE MORTAL TO REALIZE WHO I ACTUALLY AM... HEE HEE HEE HEE!
The End

Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia,* as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. ***DRY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. ***OILY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea
A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness."—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6604K
18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.
Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $5.00, Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postal charges.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________ Zone______ State________

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

CRIME
GRAFT
DOPE
DRINK
WAR
BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!
The World Is On FIRE
Serve The LORD and You Can Have These
Prizes!
YOU CAN MAKE MONEY TOO!
We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling few as one set of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent Free! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.
ROY ROGERS FLASH CAMERA
GABBY HAYES FISHING KIT
WRIST WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
VANITY SET
RED RYDER CARBINE
BOYS' OR GIRLS' BICYCLE
TEXAN JR. GUITAR
ROY ROGERS BINOCULARS
RADIUM DIAL POCKET WATCH
ELECTRONIC TWO-WAY WALKIE-TALKIE
ALSO UKELELE WITH ARTHUR GODFREY PLAYER
RADIO RECEIVING SET FOR SCOUTS
WALKING DOLL
ARCHERY SET
FOOTBALL
HUNTING KNIFE AND AX
JOE DI MAGGIO BASEBALL SET
TWO GUN HOLSTER SET
REG. SIZE BASKETBALL AND RING
HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES
Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos On Trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send $6.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.
ROY ROGERS OR DALE EVANS LAMP
DICK TRACY CAMERA
CHEMISTRY SET
GIRLS' SHOULDER STRAP BAG
WHITE ZIPPER BIBLE
ROLLER SKATES
TYPEWRITER
WOODBURNING SET
TABLE TENNIS SET
The FUNman, Dept. D-109, 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.
FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG
Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog Free. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG. PRINT BELOW.
NAME .... AGE ......
STREET or R F D ....
TOWN .... ZONE ...... STATE ......
Save 1 cent filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon on a 2c Postcard today.
FREE! MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club
Just mail coupon below now and we'll send you 24 Religious Mottos ON CREDIT. Easy to sell — you get valuable prizes. EXTRA! If you sell mottos and send payment within 15 days you receive FREE Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. A membership card, certificate, giant packet of fun materials all yours PLUS extra surprises!
SEND NO MONEY ... We Trust You